133 milky Bhaga, and at times climbs so high that the roar of the river (which drops 125 feet per mile) is lost. Clear water pours out of springs and snow fields high on the ridges and washes the trail; and occasionally a waterfall drops off ledges in cool spray that touches the faces of those who pass. But the total effect of the canyon is dryness and bleakness—a parched land that offers no shelter or shade.

• 499 492 Eleven miles above Jispa the canyon widens into a sloping bench on the far side of the Bhaga. That is Patseo, which means Stone Bridge. The stone abutments of an ancient bridge across the Bhaga are, indeed, still standing. Today the bridge is a flimsy wooden affair that trembles and shakes when a man or animal walks it. It is only safe for passage one at a time. Each of our mules—wise in all hazards underfoot—sniffed at it and took a few tentative steps before taking the full risk. Ram Chand, the muleteer with the high forehead, thin face, and scrawny mustache, stood guard, letting only one animal on the bridge at a time. Each mule seemed to be as relieved at his safe crossing as I was at my own.

000 Patseo has the last dak bungalow on the way to Leh, a two-room building that sits close to the canyon wall without shade or grass. We did not stay there, as our destination was Zing Zing Bar, which lies six miles above Patseo and six miles below Baralacha Pass. We stopped at Patseo only for lunch and for a visit to the Patseo fair.

443 Bleak and barren, Patseo (12,400 feet) is an ancient market place. Merchants from Leh, Yarkand, and Tibet bring their produce there. Merchants from Kulu come up with freight. There bargains are made and barters effected.

492 Patseo is where I saw my first sheep train. Sheep and goats, a hundred or more in a band, were coming down from Baralacha Pass, loaded with little bags, one on each side, filled with salt. Up front was a big billy, aristocratic in his bearing. He kept to the trail, while the band that followed him was strewn above and